



ON THE CORNER

Francia Harless

The two stood on the corner, leaning against the window of a shabby grocery store. The little one had pink rollers in her hair, half-covered by a rag. A fancy black dress with gauze sleeves hung straight down from her shoulders like a sheet. Thin, naked legs protruded from the dark and shapeless mass. They were ashy white, tinged transparent blue from the cold. Her arms were folded tightly across her body, little red hands tucked into the folds of black at her sides. Her face was pinched and blank, as if she were trying to pinch inside the fright that looked out of her eyes. Her companion, Big Donna, had on a long, pink and green flowered dress, stretched so tight it almost pushed her big red breasts out of the low, square neckline into the cold. Her crude ankles stuck out at the hem, her feet pushed into scuffed white shoes. Bright orange hair frizzed straight out from her head. Her upper lip was painted shiny red; the lower one was dark red from being chewed. Beneath their mask of lime-green shadow, her darting, nervous eyes closely watched the street.